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the Landscape with a Ruined Tower, the portraits of Clement de Jonghe, Jan Lutma, Ephraim Bonus, and Rembrandt Sketching at the Window, together with such less famous but most marvelous things as Tobit Blind, the Little Raising of Lazarus, the Descent from the Cross by Torchlight, the Burial of Christ, and the Entombment.

The exhibition is contained in one rather small room, and the number of things shown has been restricted to less than one hundred carefully selected items, in order that it may be thoroughly and intimately seen by the visitor without the fatigue or scattering of interest incident to the examination of a large number of items displayed in large galleries.

W. M. I., JR.

AN EXHIBITION OF AMERICAN SCULPTURE

OUR American sculptors have often noted with gentle melancholy that although collections of modern American pictures abound in our cities, the art of sculpture has not been adequately represented. The famous collection of modern marbles and bronzes in the first hall of the Luxembourg Museum, in happier times thronged of a Sunday with interested visitors, has not yet found its counterpart here. In the last analysis, this is due to the fact that with our people, the interest in pure form has been less than that in color. Yet this condition is now definitely changing, especially since our sculptors have learned to express, without detriment to the dignity of their art, a wealth and variety of human emotion and human experience never suggested in the product of an earlier, chillier school.

And today American sculpture has a very real part to play in public life, a part quite as important as that of American painting. Here in outdoor New York, a man may trudge from the Battery to the Bronx without encountering any example of the painter's art except that proffered by the solicitous poster, while sculpture of all sorts and in all states will confront him. Everywhere statues stand on pedestals, hide within porticos, dominate park entrances, decorate public buildings. Reliefs

and groups and fountains are part and parcel of our architecture. In a melting-pot population like ours, art has many worshipers. A beauty-loving public needs a closer, more conscious, more truly critical acquaintance with its sculpture than it will ever gain in its un leisured walks abroad, its rapid transits, its swift ways and subways. You say that a philosopher in marble, perched atop a library, is a fine sight. Let us then bring down some decent semblance of him, some fragment or study or sketch, or better still, some other more portable work by the same sculptor, and place it in the calm of the museum, where in the mind's eye we may finger the fringes and touch the hands, and learn whatever we may about the magic these upper-story philosophers are said to possess. Often a quiet quarter of an hour's dialogue between a spectator and a statue in a museum will tell that spectator more about the art and science of that statue than could be guessed in a whole lifetime of preoccupied passing through the very street where the original stands. It is within the craft of the museum to lift the visitor from his poor status as passer-by to the higher plane of knower, sympathizer, participant.

In answer to a real need, therefore, the Metropolitan Museum of Art is opening on March 11 two large galleries dedicated wholly to contemporary American sculpture, as a permanent collection. From time to time some of the works now seen may be withdrawn, and new works substituted, since it is by no means the intention that the collection, though permanent, should remain unchanged. Given the well-known difficulties and inhibitions attendant upon the placing of works in marble, bronze, and plaster, the showing is fairly representative, or at least suggestive, of the aims and achievements of our sculptors. Naturally neither colossi nor bibelots could well be included; most of the pieces are not far from life size, one way or the other. Except in a few instances, the heroic strain of which American sculpture is really capable is of necessity absent. Nor could full justice be done to our rich native store of those smaller pieces in

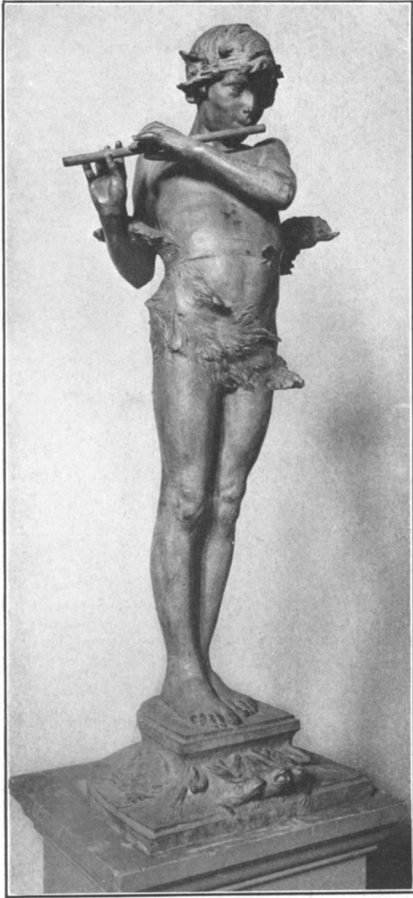


AMOR CARITAS

BY AUGUSTUS SAINT-GAUDENS

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which sincere poetic imagination is joined to good craftsmanship, as in the works of Bessie Potter Vonnoh and others. Of these genre figures we often glibly say that they are as fine as "Tanagras," when, almost as often, they are really far finer than many "Tanagras" we wot of.



PAN
BY EDWARD MCCARTAN

And why not? The coroplasts themselves would have been the first to admit that the sculptor is more than the image-maker.

In order to correlate the work of the present with that of the immediate past, a few good examples of our earlier American sculpture are shown. Here is Dr. Rimmer's heroic bronze *Gladiator*, a work

oddly in advance of its time, big in conception, oozing anatomical erudition at every pore, yet disdainful too of realistic detail. Close at hand is a cast of Ward's *Good Samaritan*, a group exceedingly reverent in its handling of the bodily surfaces, and at the same time, as one of our foremost sculptors has pointed out, remarkable for the excellence of its composition from every possible view, a triumph rare enough in the sculpture of today, and even more unusual in that of the year 1868. It is of intense interest to compare the works of these two pioneers with Barnard's heroic *Woman* just opposite. In the matter of greatness of line, the three have much in common with each other and with antique standards. But in the shapes of the light and shade, and especially in the treatment of the muscles, there is sharp divergence, each sculptor, happily enough, declaring his own individuality in his own idiom, and thereby giving his own definition of beauty of form. Mr. Ward's realism in modeling is not of that "utterly unflinching" kind the books now tell of; you feel that it will be able to flinch when the right time comes, which will not be often. And his modeling of flesh has a fine religious thoroughness too fervid to be disposed of as merely painstaking. Of Dr. Rimmer, strange and powerful anatomist who, so they say, "never missed a muscle or forgot an attachment," it is recorded that he shaped the contours of this *Gladiator* without benefit of consultation with any model except that in his mind. And while Dr. Rimmer intellectualizes, Mr. Barnard ovalizes, if I may use two bad words at once; ovalization being a new and perilous way of escape whereby a sculptor, seeking respite from all those same little old anatomical precisions, deliberately wills to "miss a muscle and to forget an attachment," even forswearing physiology altogether, if only he may create through such roundings and slurrings a longed-for sense of largeness and suavity of form. No less interesting to the student of sculpture is the kaleidoscopic juxtaposition of Palmer and Manship, two craftsmen of two different generations. Only the width of a room parts them, from

which we note that in aim they are not so different as we once had dreamed. Yet between the passing of that White Captive and the coming of the Girl with Gazelles our art had contracted the greater part of its great debt to France, borrowing perhaps only too long and too freely from her ample resources. Indeed, aside from the earlier sculpture, is there among all these gay bronze fountain figures, these searching portrait busts, these monumental reliefs, these graciously carved marble figures, a solitary work that owes nothing at all to France?

Meanwhile, Mr. O'Connor's fine up-standing young soldier on guard at the door brings to mind once more a thought that has many times of late teased the spirit. Now that each new day of the horrors of war carries our country twenty-four hours nearer to the possibility of certain well-defined horrors of peace (such as a second invasion of our towns by soldiers' monuments of the commercialized type, those unhappy postbellum memorials once sown like dragon's teeth on every village green), it is high time that all the friendly children of art throughout our land should unite in taking decisive measures to prevent an evil that seems so hard to cure. For unless we are on our guard, with Mr. O'Connor's young man, that manufactured granite soldiery will be upon us before we are aware, once more, in the name of honor to the brave, committing crimes against art. At this very moment, no better protective measure could be devised than to show our public, in comprehensive fashion, what our true-born sculptors can do and have already done. Surely eyes that have learned to love the compelling serenity of the Milmore Angel of Death or the splendor and fire of Saint-Gaudens' Farragut will not care to linger on the mechanized granitic folds of O. D. overcoats and gaiters hereafter to be reproduced with all sorts of efficiency from hydraulic to pneumatic, but without any efficiency whatever in art. Hence to my mind the opening by the Metropolitan Museum of a collection of good contemporary American sculpture is a patriotic service; and Mr. French, to whose gallant

initiative and untiring endeavor the success of the undertaking is largely due, is as truly an American patriot as if he were a very young man with a very new rifle, now gazing eagerly toward the coast of France.

ADELINE ADAMS.



GIRL IN ARCHAIC DRAPERY
BY SHERRY E. FRY

MEMORIAL EXHIBITION OF PAINTINGS BY A. P. RYDER

THE memorial exhibition of paintings by Albert P. Ryder, which will open March 11, is our excuse for quoting here the opening paragraph from an article on the artist which appeared in the Burlington